

THE STATE JOURNAL

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Forecast until 8 p. m., Sunday:

For Kansas—Fair, except possibly local showers in southern portion; winds shifting to southeast; warmer in eastern portion Sunday.

"How do you do Mr. Prendergast, is it hot enough for you?"

The season for putting up fruit is what brings out the family jars.

The labor leaders confer and confer, talk and talk, without doing anything and act for all the world like congress.

With the hanging of Prendergast one much talked of person is disposed of, and it is about Col. Breckinridge's turn next.

WHATEVER Mr. Debs' tendency in the past to inebriation may have been, there is no danger of his becoming intoxicated with success.

The railroad employees who will lose their places by the strike will know better than any one else what Mr. Debs' notoriety has cost.

BEFORE Mr. Cleveland starts to Colorado on his hunt he should get a few pointers from Sovereign on "how Debsie and I killed the War."

If the Populists expect to keep Mrs. Lease from talking, they must have some miracle working power that no one suspected them of having.

POPULISTS needn't count much on the large attendance at their rallies. About half of the people go for the same reason they visit a dime museum, to see the freaks.

JUDGE TAFT's decision in sentencing Phelan at Cincinnati is a clear statement of how far strikers may go and leaves no doubt that Phelan was guilty of conspiracy.

MR. SOVEREIGN talks in a pompous way about ordering the Knights of Labor back to work. As none of them quit work Mr. Sovereign is bound to be obeyed.

AN anarchist with two bombs is said to have left the United States for France. Without wishing that country any ill, we are not sorry that he has gone and taken his bombs with him.

It would be just like Governor Waite when he hears that Cleveland and Olney are coming out there to kill a bear to order out the militia and chase all the bears out of the country.

HOWARD of the A. R. U. said, "If we succeed in the strike we shall be so strong the law can't touch us." It is the elevation of Howards to places of prominence that puts back the cause of labor.

PRENDERGAST's abnormal desire for notoriety got him into all his trouble. There is a lesson in his life for some other people who may not be in danger of his fate but who have his diseases.

THE fact that the Gould family took the bulk of their personal property into the country to escape taxation isn't calculated to make people pity New York millionaires on account of the income tax.

Mrs. LEASE had better not get it into her head that because she is bigger than Mrs. Diggs she can have everything her own way. She could probably make things pretty interesting for her if she is little.

THE person who has suffered least in all the rioting and destruction incident to the strike has been Pullman himself, the cause of it all. No one seems to care less than he how much others are inconvenienced and harmed.

ERASTUS WYMAN was able to steal enough to enable him to give \$30,000 ball. In correcting abuses that have grown up in this country, the one making it possible for rich and influential rascals to gain special privileges should not be overlooked.

JOHN W. HAYES of the Knights of Labor is opposed to a congressional investigation of the Pullman boycott. He says not one of the numberless congressional investigations ever amounted to

anything. Mr. Hayes is opposed to giving a few congressmen a summer outing.

THE Knights of Labor now admit that the proposed impeachment of Olney was only for show. Judging from Grand Master Workman Sovereign there are other circus features about the organization.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND conditioned the appointment of arbitrators upon the stopping of all violence and rioting in Chicago. This was a sensible provision and will perhaps teach workmen what they have been slow to learn, that nothing can be accomplished by strikes and worse than nothing by violence.

IT ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH.

The present federal law on the question of arbitration was enacted by congress October 1, 1888. It provides for a commission of arbitration in differences between railroads and their employees, provided both parties to the controversy consent to submit their differences to the board. One member of the board is to be selected by the railroad, another by the employees, and the third by the two.

The act also provides that the president may select two commissioners—one of whom at least shall be a resident of the state or territory in which the controversy arises, who together with the United States commission of labor shall constitute a temporary commission for the purpose of examining the causes in controversy, the conditions, accompanying the best means for adjusting it; the result of which examination shall be immediately reported to the president and congress and on rendering such services of the board shall cease.

The law provides for nothing but a report and gives the board no power except to make an investigation. The proposed arbitration will thus be the giving of a stone when bread is asked for. The American people will not rest at this, however. The O'Neill law is inefficient, but it is a beginning. It must be followed up by a genuine compulsory arbitration law. The warning the people of this country have received in the A. R. U. strike is sufficient to show us that we can not afford to approach so close to bloody revolution again. We may topple over the precipice next time. It behooves us to see that a good serviceable arbitration law is passed at the next session of congress at least, if not at this one.

But Four Survivors of Napoleon's Army.

One of the French papers has been entertaining its readers by having a census made of the survivors of Napoleon's grand army. Four of these men only are now left. The eldest is Jean Jacques Sabatier, who was born on the 15th of April, 1792, at Vernonx l'Ardèche, where he has lived in retirement for many years. Then come Victor Baillet, Jean Bonnet and Joseph Rose, aged respectively 101 years and 1 month, 100 years and 1 month and 100 years and a few days. It is said that all are as hearty and vigorous as can be expected, in spite of their experiences as long as 82 years ago in that terrible retreat, when the beggarly remnant of the greatest army the world had ever seen, worn out with cold and hunger, angrily called to the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz to get off his horse and share in the miseries of his men.

Where the Parson is Boss.

The Rev. Charles Brooke, the vicar of Grendon, a small village near Northampton, has sent the following letter to Mr. J. L. Wright, a farmer of the parish, in answer to a petition, signed by three-fourths of the inhabitants, asking him to resign the living: "Your circular letter, with signatures, has reached me this morning by post from Wellingborough. You may inform those who signed the paper that their signatures will not have the slightest effect in inducing me to resign the living. If you do not like the ministrations from me in this parish, you have the remedy in your own hands and can rent a farm elsewhere. Yours faithfully, Charles Brooke, P. S.—I shall send you formal notice to quit my glebe land." The petition was the outcome of a fracas in the village school on Easter Monday.—London Standard.

Testing Beer Glasses.

The old familiar pewter pot is disappearing from London public houses, and its place is being taken by the continental glass. Just now the public control department of the county council is testing beer glasses at the rate of 50,000 a month. Every one must be stamped before it is allowed to be used. Glasses are frequently found to be under measure and in that case are ordered to be destroyed. No definite reason can be assigned for the diminishing popularity of the pewter pot, but glass is not only cleaner—it is also a more exact measure. Pewter is liable to be indented and for this reason may be condemned by the inspector of weights and measures.—London Tit-Bits.

Their Name is Legion.

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines. There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask?

A fair trial guarantees a complete cure.

Auction!

Attend Edmond's jewelry auction, after-noon and evening, at 532 Kansas ave.

A Beautifier For Ladies.

Everybody admires a beautiful complexion. Ladies who have used the celebrated Elder Flower Cream, recommend it as the greatest complexion beautifier in the market. It is used by society ladies. For sale by J. E. Jones.

322 calls up the Peerless

ONLY FOOLED HER ONCE.

An Impetuous Husband Forgot the Trick He Played on His Wife.

I have a friend who is comfortably well off, with a reasonable amount of good investments and a good salary, but he has a weakness for using money freely. He has also a good wife with "a frugal mind," and by a domestic arrangement she exerts a salutary check on the liberality of her spouse. Occasionally he, exceeds his allowance and indulges in tricks on his "banker" to secure a little pocket money, for which he does not desire to render a strict account. Not long ago he needed a new hat and bought it, reporting to his good wife that it cost him \$3, and that sum was duly charged by her to his personal expenses, while in fact he paid but \$1.50 at a "mark-down" sale, and so had an equal amount to "blow in" without exposure. In a little time, however, the wife called his attention to the fact that his hat was looking shabby and suggested that he should get a new one, coupling the suggestion with the remark that the hat did not seem to have worn well, and he must exercise more care in his next selection. Having forgotten his "little game," the husband replied hastily that he thought the hat had done pretty good service for a cheap one. "You can't expect anything from a \$1.50 hat."

"How's that?" says the wife, and forthwith she exhibited her account book with its charge of \$3, and the husband was forced to confess his fraud and promise better conduct in future. There is peace just now in that family, but when he brings home a purchase the wife calmly but firmly asks him to turn in a receipted bill from the salesman.

THAT WONDERFUL BABY.

Not All Its Fond Mother Imagined, But Did It Little Best.

The proud young mother had come to pay her first visit, accompanied by the infant son and heir and his nurse. "I don't wish to appear in any way partial," said she, "but really for a child of sixteen months I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word and joins in the conversation with a sagacity that almost alarms me at times. Speak to the lady, Algernon."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"Listen to that!" cried the delighted mother. "He means, 'How do you do?' Isn't it wonderful?"

"Now, Algernon, ask the lady to play for you (he adores the piano). Now, Algernon, dear (very coaxingly). "Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"He means, 'music' by that. 'Boo-boo'—music! Isn't he too smart for anything? Now, love, tell the lady mamma's name."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"That's right. 'Boo-boo'—'Louise' My name's Louise, you know. Oh, dear, I do hope he isn't too clever to live! Now, say by-by to the lady, precious."

The Coat Fitted.

A few days ago, while a gentleman was buying stamps at the Boston post-office, some one took his umbrella, as he believes, by mistake, and the loser put this card in the morning paper: "The kind friend who carried off my umbrella at the post-office yesterday, will bear in mind that the 'Gates of Heaven' are only twenty-four inches wide. My umbrella measures twenty-eight inches. At the other place he won't need it. Didn't Dives pray for just one drop of water? He had better return it to 203, chamber of commerce, and no questions will be asked." A few days later a boy brought in an umbrella, but, alas! not the advertiser's. He had caught the wrong man's conscience.

Appropriate Names.

In looking over an old dictionary, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne: Dunn, a tailor; Gible, Mutton and Bull, butchers; Transil, a wig-maker; Cutmore, an eating-house keeper; Bollit, a fishmonger; Rackem, an attorney; Whippy, a saddler; Breadcut, a baker; Coldman, an undertaker; Wicks, a tallow-chandler; and Bringlow, an apothecary.

His Money's Worth.

The minister of a certain Highland parish arrived at the church one stormy Sabbath to find that only one worshiper had braved the elements. Anxious to propitiate him the minister asked: "Shall I go on with the sermon, John?" John, gruffly—Of course. The minister got up into the pulpit, and, leaning over the book-board, inquired of John: "Shall I give you the Gaelic sermon or the English one?" John, more gruffly—Gie's baith; ye're weel paid for't.

The Bacillus of the Influenza.

The microbe of the "grip" otherwise the "influenza bacillus," was discovered by Dr. Canon of Vienna, who first detected it in the blood of one of his patients. It is a curiously shaped organism, many times smaller than the microbe of any other known germ disease, and was only revealed to the human eye by using a microscope with a magnifying power of over 1,000 diameters.

Very Simple.

In some parts of Mexico the party in power maintain their positions by throwing into jail their political opponents on the eve of an election. When the election is decided the dis-franchised are released.

The Matador's Last Thrust.

The art of the matador is not to run up to the bull and stab him, but to have him come to you and fling himself upon the sword, while you direct his movements this way and that with the scarlet cape. He will follow a red cape anywhere, and the cholas are busy from the beginning of the fight to the end leading the bull away from the fallen picadors, or the imperilled banderilleros, or the matador. Even after the sword is thrust into his neck up to the hilt it takes the bull a long time to die. A harrowing sight it is. The noble creature—the only noble creature, as it seems, in the ring—stands up as long as he can, vomiting forth torrents of blood, as all his enemies crowd around him, sticking to it until he drops trembling against the fender. Then in come the teams of mules, gayly decorated with flags and ribbons, to carry the bull and horses around the ring at a gallop, leaving a bloody track behind. They are not content with removing the bodies by the nearest possible exit. Oh, no! These gay teams go galloping around the whole arena, each dragging its bloody carcass, while the band plays another quickstep.

They are hardly out of the ring before the drum rolls, and the next bull bursts into the arena. So it goes on until six bulls are done for. All the while our neighbors in the next box are eating and drinking. As for us, we see nothing but the suffering and death over and over again. It carries you back to the Roman circus, and you wonder what civilization has done for Spain, whose population is still so thirsty for blood. The Spaniards are so used to it that they see none of the barbarity, only the skill and the science. And the English residents in Spain are more enthusiastic than the Spaniards themselves.—Madrid Letter.

The Melungeons.

"I believe that the Melungeons of east Tennessee are the only living lineal descendants of the ancient Aztecs," said R. C. Borden of Asheville. "The Melungeons have always been a mystery, and but few facts are known about them. They came to east Tennessee from North Carolina more than a century ago. They have mixed with no other race and have always been filthy and ignorant. A few of them have grown wealthy, but when they do no effort is made to associate with Americans. They have no traditions as to when or how or whence they came, except as to their ancestors in North Carolina. Their names are of Portuguese origin, and their appearance suggests an admixture of Portuguese and Indian blood. They have been classed with negroes, but it is easily demonstrated that they are not of negro origin. I mingled with them a great deal at one time and was fortunate enough to obtain their confidence through an act of kindness to one of their number. A few relics of great age can be found in the hands of the better class in the shape of pottery and implements. Some of these are of the stone period; others are marked with rude imitations of the Maltese cross. They have a tradition that their dead ancestors in North Carolina are buried in mounds. Putting these points together, I believe that they are descendants of the Aztecs and of Portuguese sailors who landed upon the North Carolina coast."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

River Gambling For High Stakes.

"There used to be heavy gambling on the Missouri river as well as the Mississippi in the halcyon steamboat days," said W. D. Camera, a traveling man, the other day. "I remember a great game once played on the steamboat Bluff City, which afterward burned at the wharf in St. Louis. It was in the antebellum days, when Kansas City was comparatively unknown. "At one table the fight for a big pot had narrowed down to two men—one an inveterate gambler, the other a stranger, whose destination was the little town of Robidoux. Presently the gambler said, 'I'll raise you \$20,000 and give you just 15 minutes to call me.' The gentleman who was going to Robidoux replied: 'I don't need 15 minutes. Mr. Clark, bring out enough boxes of money from your office to see the gentleman and go him \$30,000 better, and I will give him 30 minutes to call me. If that ain't enough, I'll buy the blamed steamboat and put that on the table.' The gambler threw down his hand, and the stranger made him a present of a \$100 bill. The stranger was Joseph Robidoux, founder of the city of St. Joseph, and the little town of Robidoux is a part of St. Joseph today."—Kansas City Journal.

A Valuable Manuscript.

The pope has presented to the Vatican library what may be regarded as a real treasure. It consists of a manuscript given by the celebrated Fra Giocondo of Verona to Lorenzo de Medici, known in history as the "Magnificent." Vasari, in his life of Fra Giocondo, writes of this work and notes that Politan makes mention of this book in his "Muggerlane" and describes the author as "the most learned man of the old days." This work had been looked for a long time, and its recovery now is looked upon as fortunate. The name of Fra Giocondo crops up from time to time in the more recent studies of the Italian renaissance—that period when learning, science and art made such immense strides in the highest degree of excellence. He was known as a man of great learning and is sometimes compared with that most remarkable scholar and marvelous artist, Leo Battista Alberti.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sounds Well.

If you wish to drink out of something very pretty indeed, use the smoked chrysophase glassware. It is sweetly cool and pale in its green tint and blends so well with the nature that stands without the door and window it might have been blown in on a sea breeze.—Boston Herald.

HORSES CRY OUT.

When in Pain and Suffering They Give Voice to Their Anguish.

"On the way to the city I purchased a copy of a magazine and read a very interesting article on the patient way in which animals bear pain without crying out," said a traveling man, lately. "To one statement in the article I take exception from personal experience, acquired during the war. The writer says that a horse will endure pain in battle without any outcry. During the war I rode the same horse for nearly a year. He was wounded two or three times slightly, and always gave vent to so pitiful a cry that I felt as much sympathy for him as though he had been a human comrade. One evening I was out with a foraging party in Virginia, when we were shot upon from ambush by a small detachment of Confederates. My horse was struck and fell, and I escaped by riding double with one of the other boys. We obtained reinforcements and soon drove that gray-coated detachment out of the neighborhood.

As we were returning through the woods I distinctly heard my horse's cry, and returning to it put an end to its troubles and misery by getting a friend to shoot it. The task being one I could not perform myself. Last month I positively saw half a dozen mules do just the reverse. They had been working in a coal mine for three or four years, and when first brought to the surface could not see at all in the daylight. After a few minutes they got accustomed to the light, and then, kicking up their heels, they gave vent to something so much like laughter that I saw who were watching them enjoyed the scene hugely."

OLDEST RUINS.

Immense Temples on the Nile's Banks in Nubia.

The most ancient architectural ruins known are the temples at Ipsambul, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of these temples has 14 apartments, the whole of which has been hewn from solid rock. Some idea of the immensity of these temples may be gleaned from the fact that one single apartment of which measurements were taken was found to be 57 feet long and 53 feet broad, the vaulted, dome-like roof being 30 feet above the floor and supported by two rows of massive square pillars, four in a row, and each of the same material of which the roof, sides and floor of the temple are composed.

To each of these pillars is attached a colossal figure of a man, the feet being on the floor and the head touching the roof. These human figures are necessarily of enormous proportions, and are each painted in gaudy colors. In front of this wonderful rock-cut temple are seated four still larger figures of human beings, two of which are sixty-five feet in height, and are believed to represent Rameses the Great, whose remarkable military exploits are to be found depicted all over Northern Africa. Reproductions of two of these colossal figures on a gigantic scale of the original, also a fac simile of the temple itself, on a small scale, were made and exhibited at the celebrated Crystal palace, Sydenham, England.

WOMAN COMES LAST.

How the Arab Regards His Wives and Daughters.

An Arab—meaning a tent-dweller, in an equine sense, the town-dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No one need recite the oft-sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his firearm. This, poetical speaking, ought to be a six-foot, gold-laid maul—loading horror of a match-lock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot; but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is more apt to be a modern English breech-loader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife—or one of his wives, perhaps.

Daughters don't count; I mean the Arab doesn't take the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry, in other words to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel—a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eye on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, he it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.

Of What Is "Bee Comb" Composed?

Bee comb, or "beeswax" the material of which the honey-cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.

Rescinding an Obnoxious Order.

Appropos of the official order for the wearing of tall hats and frock coats at Punchestown races, in England, it is said that once upon a time a general officer issued a similar order for the guidance of officers when out of uniform in Edinburgh. He was led to rescind it, however, after being accosted on the street by an officer arrayed in a tall hat, frock coat and a Bob Roy tartan kilt.

Women Trunk Packers.

What is really a sensible occupation that could be managed from the women's exchanges would be that of trunk packer. In these days of widespread summer travel packing has come to be a dreaded necessity with women. The difference between skilled and unskilled trunk storing cannot be fully appreciated until the two are compared. There is an economy in it that is obvious. It means fewer trunks, less destruction to contents, and, above all, the blissful relief to bodies and brains taxed to the last degree in leaving a house in deserted summer trim, putting finishing touches to the family wardrobe, looking after the comfort of those to be left, and all the rest. There was a woman who wrapped a silk dress skirt last summer around a jar of grandma's preserves, which she could not resist attempting to bring home with her, who would better have employed a professional packer at \$1 a trunk. The cleaner's bill was \$4, and she lost the preserves too.

The occupation would not be so laborious to the professional packer as it is to the amateur. The confidence of knowledge is a great relief in itself, and the "professional" would insist upon the trunk being set upon a rest and all its intended contents spread out before her, serious helps to packing which the woman trying to be in half a dozen places at once on packing day often ignores.

Meantime, if you must pack your own trunks, dear sister, spike your hats and bonnets to the trunk tray, with hat pins, discard boxes, pack bottles only in cork lined cases that come for the purpose, carrying them in a separate bag, and don't pack on a damp day near the window, or you'll find your beautifully starched muslins and linens limp as a rag when they are taken out.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Three Bicycles and a Bull.

A trio of cyclists, Edgar H. Gans, John P. Horsey and George Whitelock, all members of the Baltimore bar, had an encounter on Decoration day with a Chester county bull that was well nigh followed by serious consequences. The party had ridden from Philadelphia to Paoli on the main stem of the Pennsylvania railroad and were proceeding thence in close column in order named along the highway to Wilmington, Del., when, at a distance of three miles from West Chester, Pa., they met two men driving a bull.

The animal was in an infuriated state and immediately attacked the Baltimore wheelmen. Mr. Gans found a sudden and fortunate shelter behind a wagon in the road. Mr. Horsey avoided the animal's furious onslaught by leaping across the ditch, but sprained his ankle in the jump. The bull demolished Mr. Horsey's bicycle and then charged Mr. Whitelock, who shoved his wheel with full force into the animal's head, and thus gained sufficient time to make good his own escape. The attack was so rapid in movement that Mr. Gans' first retrospect of the field of action discovered the bull on the ground, entangled in the wire spokes of Mr. Whitelock's wheel.

Only one of the three bicycles could be ridden after the affair, and the party returned to Baltimore by the old fashioned system of railroad transportation, but still believing in the modern innovation of wheeling. The accident occurred near the farm of S. R. Downing in East Goshen township, Chester county. The drivers are thought by the bicyclists to have been intoxicated and to have worried the bull into a fury. The bull was not in leash. Mr. Whitelock said yesterday that he had never seen so rapid a bull except in a Spanish bull ring.—Baltimore Sun.

Hunting Foxes With Dynamite.

A fox hunt with dynamite was the novel sport of farmers near Point Pleasant, Bucks county, a few days ago. For a long time the farmers had suffered from the incursions of some adroit thief upon their poultry preserves. The thefts were so daring, yet mysterious, that it was decided to set a watch. So when John Swope heard a racket in his henry he ran out. He was just in time to see a big fox, with a nice fat pullet in his mouth, scamper away. The alarm was spread, and a number of Farmer Swope's neighbors assisted him in tracking the fox. They trailed him to his den, under a huge rock, and were then confronted with the problem of routing him. They got some dynamite, fired it, and in a few minutes out came not one, but four foxes, half stunned and blinded. The animals were killed as fast as they appeared, and the den was walled up.—Philadelphia Record.

You Must Hang Arabs Arab Fashion.

A correspondent of The Vossische Zeitung writes from Tunis that the last executions of criminals by hanging were so slowly and clumsily accomplished as to afford terrible spectacles, and the government of the bey applied to England for a model of the apparatus there used. The replies to this application came slowly and evasively, so that a Tunis joiner, a European, was intrusted with the making and carrying out of a practical gallows. He succeeded in the attempt, but a new difficulty presented itself, for no Arab would consent to use the European machine, and its maker was requested to find a European who would hang criminals at 60 francs a head. It seems that a man was found, but public opinion was absolutely contrary to his undertaking the job. The Arabs will only be hanged by an Arab.

"Carat" In the Jewellers' Language.

Twenty-four carat gold is all gold. Twenty-two carat gold has 22 parts of gold, 1 of silver and 1 of copper. Eighteen carat gold has 18 parts of pure gold and 3 parts each of silver and copper in its composition. Twelve carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of 34 parts of silver and 34 parts of copper.—St. Louis Republic.